

A
 REVIEW
 OF THE
 STATE
 OF THE
 BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, October 16. 1708.

I Shall meddle no more with your Thanksgivings, till you have more Occasion for them, which I do not see we are like to have over hastily; I shall talk no more of your Fasts and mock Humiliations: I shall cant no more to you of Religion, that uneasy burthensome Thing—— But let us look a little arther into the State of the War—— In one of our last News-Papers we are told, the Pope has actually attack'd the Emperor's Troops in *Italy*, driven the *Germans* from several Posts in the *Ferrarese*, taken several large Boats going with Ammunition and Cannon down the *PO*, and in short that Hostilities are begun—— It seems to me not to be any wide Guess to say, that certainly the League among the Princes of *Italy* is concluded, or else the

Pope would never have ventur'd to make War with the Emperor.

Whether the Emperor's Condu&t be with the Prince's of *Italy*, as it is with the *Hungarian Protestants*, of which we have room enough to make sad Remarks, I will not take upon me to determine here—— But why the Emperor, while the Posture of his Affairs carries so sad a Countenance in other Places, should revive old Claims, make Encroachments upon Neighbours, and raise more Enemies upon him, at such a Time as this, seems to me the most inexplicable Riddle in Politicks, that has been heard of in this Age—— Let us then but a little examine the State of the Affairs of the Empire, and in what Condition they seem to be at this Time, I mean, as to the Matters of War, and

and how they stand with Respect to his Neighbours, whether Enemies or Allies.

On the Side of *Hungary*, he has not been able to quell an Insurrection, which, had Prince *Ragotski* been a Warlike, Enterprising Prince, might, his other Embarrassments consider'd, have long since distress'd him, and indeed have driven his Imperial Majesty to shut the Gates of his Capital City: In War he has not had Power, in Peace, not Policy, to subdue them; he has not been strong enough to impose his own Terms upon them, and yet is weak enough to reject theirs; and between the Folly of one, and the Impotence of the other, they have outed him of the Possession of 2 thirds of that great and rich Country of *Hungary*, one of the most fruitful and best peopled Countries in *Europe*.

On the Side of *Poland*, every Motion of the *Swede* makes the whole Empire tremble, and the very Crown totters on *Cesar's* Head, the *Gothick Beck*; the *Roman* Eagle crouches and dares not expand her Wings—Upon the Displeasure of this Hero, the mighty *German* subjeas his Honour, and sends his great Ones to be corrected at his Pleasure; at his Command he restores the oppressed, and delivers up the Spoils of his injur'd Subjects, makes his Ecclesiasticks spue up their ill-gotten Possessions, and disgorge the Wealth they had drawn from the *Protestants* in the Ages of their Tyranny, since the Treaty of *Munster*——On the bare Threats of his Return, he performs even more than the Stipulations of his Treaty seem'd to require, and makes his new Preceptor Judge in, and Constructor of the Extent and the Meaning of the several Articles——What low Step has he not taken, what Meanness has he not stoop'd to, aw'd by the Terror of a *Northern* Eruption, and having the *Roman* Empire a third Time overrun by the *Goths* and *Vandals*.

Come from the *Oder* to the *Rhine*, and *Alsace* is no less a Testimony of the Impotence of this mighty Body than *Silesia*. There you have Generals without Armies, Armies without Pay, Command without Authority, Subordination without Subjection, War without Fighting, many Men,

few Soldiers, many Generals little Council, Heads without Hands, Hands without Feet, and All without Action——What a sad Spectacle is the Face of the War on that side——Where after all the Decrees from *Ratisbone*, Promises from *Vienna*, Sollicitations from *England* and *Holland*—Management of Prince *Eugene*, Forwardness of the Elector of *Hannover*, and Expectations of *Europe*——Neither Reason or Necessity prevailing against Imperial Debility, and unavoidable Circumstances of disobeying, clashing, neglecting Members under an Impotency of Coertion; all the Hopes of *Europe* have been blasted, and the *French* rentred secure on that side, where we might have been in a Condition to have pierced their very Bowels.

From hence let us pass into *Spain*; to what Exigencies has King *Charles III.* been reduc'd, how has he been twice driven to the Extremes of the farthest Province in his Dominions, how in vain has he solicited the Court of *Vienna* for Assistance, and how does the whole Weight of that War now lie upon *England* and *Holland*? Tho' the Crown when obtain'd falls to the House of *Austria*, and the Greatness of it is the Hope and Support of that drooping Family——And yet at the same Time the Armies of the Empire are pushing in *Naples* to the Establishment of new Conquests, and enlarging the Skirts of the *Spanish* Monarchy, the Substance and Center of it being in great Danger of being entirely lost.

If these are the present Circumstances of the *German* Power, and perhaps this may justly be call'd a short Scheme or transient View of it——Is this a Time for the Emperor to pursue his private Claims on the Fiefs and old Tenures of the Empire; to invade his Neighbour Princes, and form new Leagues against himself; raise up more Enemies, and give himself new Diversions? Is this a Time to open a Door to the *French*, and let them again into *Italy*?——Is this a Time to embroil himself in new Troubles, that is vain to seek the Help of all *Europe* to support him in the old?

I cannot but recommend the Defenders of this new Attempt to a certain *Stanza* of Verses, which were lately said to be sent by the *Post* in a Letter from the Moon, and have been formerly publish'd here; perhaps you may not understand the Lunar

Language, and so the Original may be of little Use; but if they will accept of my Translation, or whether they will call it a Translation or Paraphrase, they may take it their own Way. The Lines are as follow.

Wandeliz Idulafin Na Perixola Metartos
Strigunia Crolias Xerin Hytale Tylos
Farnicos Galvare Orpto Sonamel Egonsberch
Sih Lona Sipos Gallia Rapta Tylos.

These may have been English'd:

*Cæsar you trifle with the World in vain,
Think rather now of Germany than Spain;
He's hardly fit to fill the Eagles Throne,
Who seeks now Crowns, and can't protect his own.*

Those People, that would challenge me with reproaching his Imperial Majesty in these Lines, may find Room to rectify their Understandings, if they please but to examine the original Language, wherein the direct Signification of these Lines may be found——What if it requires an Express or a Travelling up to the Moon to inform themselves?——Malice will stick at no Pains, and to bring this poor Author under the publick Displeasure; there are several that would not stick at higher Flights than that—However, after having assur'd the World, that this *Cæsar* can by no Means mean the Emperor of *Germany*——But a certain great Prince up in the Lunar Regions, who governing an unweildly, ill-modell'd, uncommandable Medley of Nations, is in great Danger of being ruin'd and overthrow'd by his own Impotency of Council, and the discording Members of the great Body of his Government; they may suppose, that the Account might be transmitted hither as a Looking-Glass for some Monarchs in our Day, to see their Left-handed Politicks in, and how wildly they act in the World——And if the

Story has this Effect, it is well enough told——Let it be taken which way it will.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S.

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